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THE  
INVASION:

OR,  
A TRIP to BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

A  
F A R C E

OF TWO ACTS,

As it is performed, with UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE,

AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL,  
IN  
COVENT-GARDEN.

WRITTEN

By F. PILON.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR G. KEARSLEY, NO. 46, FLEET-STREET.

MDCCLXXVIII.

Entered at Stationers-Hall.



# DEDICATION.

T O

THOMAS HARRIS, Esq,

S I R,

**Y**OUR treatment to me has been so singularly kind and liberal, that it would be inflicting the severest punishment on my pride, to oblige me to conceal it from the world. I had been taught to believe, that without a patron amongst the great, or an established literary fame, it was next to an impossibility to get a piece introduced on the stage : but you, Sir, have proved to me, that this complaint is groundless : tho' unknown and unprotected, your behaviour to me has been such as the most delicate mind could suggest, or the most powerful influence have procured me. If then you countenance thus warmly so humble a tribute as mine at the shrine of the muses, how much superior attention must you bestow on the more elevated and sublime efforts of the mind,

mind, when Thalia comes arrayed by the hand of Genius with resistless graces, or her weeping sister, in native fables with all the conflicting passions in her train. The encouragement you give to every dawn of talents, whilst it wins you the respect and esteem of the public, must prove of the most essential service to the cause of letters. Patronage and success often lend a degree of force and brilliancy to moderate abilities; but ripen a truly fine genius into immediate perfection. I have the honour to remain,

S I R,

Your much obliged,

And faithful humble servant,

FREDERICK PILON.

# P R E F A C E.

PUBLIC taste has run so much of late on the French *petite comedie* of two acts, that it seems necessary to say something in justification of *farce*, to prevent its being tried by the too rigid rules of criticism. In this refined age, *low* and *absurd*, are terms of reproach heard to echo from the benches of the upper gallery; so that whoever attempts to raise a laugh by downright *farce*, must expect critics in all quarters of the house ready to damn him for attempting to put them in good humour.

*Farce* has ever been considered so essentially different from *comedy*, that any incident in the latter bordering upon the *extravagant*, has been termed *farcical* or *outré* by way of discrimination. This species of entertainment is certainly more a *caricature* than a *faithful picture of nature*—the outline is preserved but extended, and every tint of the colouring considerably heightened. For instance—can any thing be more improbable and extravagant, than the plot and incidents of the *Mock Doctor*? yet this has been the production of two of the first comic geniusses this or any other country ever produced. It is not to be supposed that Moliere and Fielding were ignorant of the rules of the drama; nevertheless, in their best farces they totally lost sight of them, appearing to have nothing in view but whimsical characters and laughable situations.

The

The humour and characters of *the Invasion* in some places have been censured as low, but surely the same charge holds good against the the most celebrated writers. Smollett, Fielding, Gay, Cervantes, all descended to the humble walk of life in search of Humour, and never rejected her for the homeliness of her garb. It is true, that if painting low life be a fault, those distinguished wits were possessed of beauties sufficient to eclipse little spots in their reputation. The writer of *the Invasion* feels but too sensibly the humiliating distance he is thrown from them, and, that whatever his faults are, he has nothing to depend upon for hiding them except the candour of his readers. The following little entertainment he meant merely as a *farce*, and as such *only* he hopes it will be considered and judged of.

He cannot conclude without returning his warmest acknowledgments to Mr. Garrick for assistances in the *Invasion*, which have contributed more than the merit of the author to its success with the public.

The performers in general acquitted themselves with the greatest spirit and propriety; particularly Mr. Lee Lewes, who, by his speaking the prologue and his acting *Cameleon*, proved that he was possessed of all those various and versatile powers which constitute the truly capital comedian.

# P R O L O G U E.

Written by the AUTHOR,

And spoken by Mr. LEE LEWES.

**T**HE muse in change and fashion still delighting,  
Now raves of nothing but of camps and fighting,  
Of mines, of ambuscades, and heroes slain,  
Arm'd cap-a-pie on the embattled plain  
Of Covent-Garden, or of Drury-Lane.

One night a Camp by candle light she shews ;  
Next an Invasion, without wounds or blows.  
Beneath the arches, our encampment nigh,  
Where walking belles, and Irish chairmen ply ;  
Where play-bills spread, seem like a centinel,  
To guard the entrance of the citadel ;  
A crowd, whose wonder our Invasion rais'd,  
With curious comment on each play-bill gaz'd ;  
Expecting nothing less than war and plunder,  
And cannon louder than the rattling thunder :  
An honest tar, with his dear Sue in tow,  
Whom he from Wapping brought to see the show ;  
Hearing debates run high upon this night,  
Put in his word to set his neighbours right.

" Avaft, my masters, and I'll let you know  
" What these folks mean by their Invasion shew :  
" Don't you perceive th' Invasion's all a skit,  
" To laugh at Montieurs for their want of wit.  
" Invade us, boys ! why fluce my English blood,  
" And fend me home with all my timbers wood ;  
" If I, Ben Block, with half the British fleet,  
" Would not these Parley-vous most soundly beat !  
" Aye, damn me, wou'd I, or I'd lose my life,  
" And then the King, God bless him, keeps my wife."

An Irish blade, who heard this heart of oak,  
Replied, " My honey, I believe you joke :  
" Did not Monsieur Thurot, last war, sail post,  
" T' invade Old England, on the Irish coast ?  
" Faith and he did, an hell had been to do,  
" But that brave Elliot shot him thro' and thro' ;  
" Which so surpriz'd him as along he cruiz'd,  
" To fight no more, he begg'd to be excus'd ! "

Thus Britons rudely that great spirit shew,  
Which always conquer'd and chastis'd her foe ;  
That spirit of such energy divine,  
Clouds and misfortunes make it brighter shine.

Perfidious



Perfidious Gaul now feels this country's might ;  
 Alham'd to yield, and yet afraid to fight.  
 Pursue your triumph, Britons, strike the blow,  
 That humbles in the dust your faithless foe ;  
 That side which justice, strength, and valour take,  
 Honour and conquest never will forsake.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M E N.

<i>Sir John Evergreen</i>	—	Mr. Quick.
<i>Charles Evergreen</i>	—	Mr. Whitfield.
<i>Beaufort</i>	—	Mr. Mahon.
<i>Camelton</i>	—	Mr. Lee Lewes.
<i>Drill</i>	—	Mr. Wewitzer.
<i>Roger</i>	—	Mr. Egan.
<i>Tattoo</i>	—	Mr. Brunston.
<i>Servants to Sir John, Fishermen, &amp;c.</i>	—	

## W O M E N.

<i>Lady Catherine Rouge</i>	—	Mrs. Green.
<i>Brussels</i>	—	Mrs. Pitt.
<i>Emily</i>	—	Mrs. Morton.
<i>Maid</i>	—	Mrs. Willems.

SCENE, BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

THE

---

T H E

I N V A S I O N.

---

A C T I.

SCENE *a Room in an Inn at Brighthelmston.*

Charles Evergreen, in a Riding-dress, discovered sitting at a Table with Mr. Beaufort ; Wine before them. Cameleon in waiting.

Beauf. **C**OME, Charles, fill your glass—here's reformation to your father, [*Drinks.*]

Charles. With all my soul, for sure never was reformation more wanted, since shaving became fashionable in Russia.

Beauf. I have not seen Emily this month : as he knows she has a fortune of ten thousand pounds independent of him, he keeps her a close prisoner ; and to such an excess does this military mania hurry him, that, I believe in my conscience he would prefer a serjeant of invalids, or a Chelsea pensioner, to your discarded friend, for a son-in-law.

Charles. I left Oxford with a full persuasion that your influence would have reconciled us.

Beau. My influence, Charles, ceased, the moment I refused to quit the bar, and purchase a commission. In vain did I expostulate and represent the  
B ridicule,

ridicule, as a lawyer, I must incur, by going into the army. He continued inflexible; asserted Old England was in danger daily of an invasion, and that every man who had a regard for her laws and constitution, should now fight for them.

*Cam.* Then, Sir, it seems he is in great dread of an invasion.

*Beauf.* In such dread of it, that he has got a serjeant and a drummer, that are down here on a recruiting party, to teach him his exercise—Nay, I am told he intends sinking a trench round Evergreen Hall, and converting it into a garrison.

*Cha.* I suppose he's the jest of the whole county.

*Beauf.* Why, faith, no—very few know any thing about him. Brightelmastone, during the season, is too much engaged with scandal and gallantry—then his house standing so far out of the town—

*Cha.* Death! if, instead of banishing me for faults he was guilty of himself at my age, he had clapped a sword into my hand, and bade me fight for my country, he'd have acted like an Englishman and a good father: but an old fellow of sixty, troubled three or four times a year with the gout, to think of going into the army!—he may as well think of a wife.

*Beauf.* I suppose you have heard that your old aunt, Lady Catherine Rouge, passed this summer, for the first time, at his house. She, Sir, is my most formidable enemy. Would you believe it, Charles? The old lady actually made love to me; and because I did not return her overtures with all the warmth she expected, like a true woman, she most cordially hates me.

*Cam.* She does?—More shame for you, Sir, to put it in her power.

*Beauf.* Why, Camelion, sure you don't suppose I could make love to a woman old enough to be my grandmother!

*Cam.*

*Cam.* Aye; to your grandmother herself, provided that was the only method you had left to obtain the real mistress of your heart. Now; had I been in your situation, and she had been as withered as a mummy, without a tooth in her head, or a hair of any colour to boast of, I'd have been at her feet from morning till night, swore that she had a Cupid in every wrinkle, that I loved her more than Antony did Cleopatra, and that if the Goddess of Discord threw another golden apple upon earth, to be given to the fairest, and appointed me judge, her Ladyship, without having a tooth to eat it, should have had the pippin before to-morrow morning.

*Beauf. and Cha.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Beauf.* Why, Cameleon, you are a wit; and, from some of your flights, I should conclude, a piece of a scholar.

*Cam.* It is no matter what I am, Sir, I wish to serve my master, and serve you too, Sir; and I think I can do it, provided my master is not altogether so squeamish as his friend.

*Cha.* What are you driving at, Cameleon?

*Cam.* I only hope, Sir, that you are not so refined in your notions of beauty as Mr. Beaufort; and that, provided it is your interest, you can mistake the snow upon an old sapless trunk, for blossoms and green leaves, and swear you feel the heat of the Dog-days in the month of December. But to wave metaphor, I hope, Sir, you will think that Lady Catherine has still some charms left.

*Cha.* Why, you rascal, have you forgot she is my aunt?

*Cam.* Your aunt! What then? Has not she a great deal of money? And don't you think it would be a pity to let it go out of the family? Has she ever seen you?

*Cha.* Not since I was eight years old, when, I remember, she has often taken me on her knee, pat-

ted my cheek, played with my ringlets, and called me her little Adonis.

*Cam.* Then, Sir, you must now return the compliment, you must take her upon your knee, pat her cheeks, play with her ringlets, and call her your full-grown Venus.

*Cha.* Psha! fool! this will never take. A woman that has lived in the sphere she has—

*Cam.* Will believe any handsome young fellow, who tells her he is love with her. The sphere she has lived in! 'Sdeath, Sir, do you suppose women of quality live in the sphere of Dian, or are all born under Virgo? It might have been so formerly, but the present race are certainly under the influence of warmer planets. A woman of quality expects lovers to the last moment of her life; and as the kings of France, from excess of respect, are supposed never to die, so a woman of fashion, from excess of gallantry, is supposed never to cease to be beautiful. A woman such as Lady Catherine, like ice before the sun, will dissolve at the blaze which surrounds a fine young fellow.

*Cha.* O your humble servant, Sir.

*Cam.* I am right in my philosophy.

*Beau.* I relish your scheme exceedingly, Camleon. The old lady, Charles, is as rich as a Jew, and can do any thing with your father. Now, if you play your cards skilfully, you may with ease draw her into such a ridiculous situation that she'll be glad to purchase your silence at any rate.

*Cam.* Sir, you have hit it. Make love to her, and afterwards discard me as a blockhead, or stone me for a false prophet, if it prove not the means of all your debts being paid, and you being reconciled to your father as firmly as ever. Here, waiter, bring pen, ink and paper. [*Enter Waiter with Pen, Ink and Paper.*] Write to her immediately, and in-treat an interview, which I'm sure she'll grant.

*Cha.*

*Cha.* And what name am I to assume ? [*Sits down.*]

*Cam.* What name !—Why, let me see—Suppose you borrow Sir George Narcissus's name—he's your intimate friend, and as utterly unknown in person to Lady Catherine as you are.

*Cha.* Enough. [*Sits down and writes.*] Waiter, bring a candle.

*Cam.* I have a scheme to serve you too, Mr. Beaufort.

*Beau.* I thank you, Camoleon, but that I know to be out of your power.

*Cam.* Don't think slightly of my power, till you are better acquainted with it. What would you think if I procured you an interview with Miss Evergreen this very afternoon ?

*Beau.* Think ! that you are Machiavel himself. [*Enter Waiter with a Candle.*] But pr'ythee tell me how you propose effecting this ?

*Cam.* You have no objection to wearing a livery ?

*Beau.* None in the world.

*Cha.* Impudent rascal ! The next question, I suppose you'll ask him is, whether he'll go on board wages.

*Cam.* Then, Sir, I'll assume the character of the celebrated Enamel the dentist from London. I lived with him two years, and, whenever I please, we are as like as two eye teeth. You shall pass as my servant, and in this disguise we will visit Sir John, as recommended by Colonel Platoon, his particular friend in London, to give him a new set of teeth, and a left eye, that he may look like a soldier, when he goes into the militia.

*Beauf.* But what end will this answer ?

*Cam.* Why, Sir, while I am amusing Sir John with all the fashionable jargon of a first-rate dentist, you will have an opportunity of conversing with your mistress, and of assuring her, that if she will consent, you will deliver her this night.

*Beauf.*

*Beauf.* This night, Camelion!

*Cam.* This night, Sir, if there's faith in man.—  
You know he is always raving of an invasion ;  
that's my engine. I'll unfold my plot on our way  
to Evergreen-Hall ; you may depend, I think, on  
its success, when Sir John's character is considered ;  
therefore employ all your eloquence with your  
mistress, for nothing but her disapprobation of our  
plan can defeat it.

*Beauf.* If it succeeds, I will make your fortune.

*Cam.* Have you finished the love-letter to your  
aunt yet, Sir ?

*Cha.* I have just sealed it.

*Cam.* Sealed it ! what before I saw the contents  
of it ?

*Cha.* Why, sirrah, do you think I want your as-  
sistance to write a letter ?

*Cam.* But, lord Sir, a love letter is such a dif-  
ferent kind of letter from all other letters, that  
without great practice, there is no such thing as  
writing one, especially to an elderly lady—for after  
a certain period, the taste becomes so callous, it  
relishes nothing that is not seasoned very high—  
Have you put darts and flames enough into it ?

*Cha.* Ay, enough to burn the messenger's fin-  
gers.

*Cam.* Then give it to me, Sir—I will send it to  
her Ladyship, piping hot, by an old fellow ser-  
vant, whose livery and face, I am sure, she knows  
nothing of—Away, my masters—victory attend  
us, and laurels shall crown us !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE, *a Dressing-Room.*

*Lady Catherine Rouge at her Toilette,  
Sally in waiting.*

*Lady C.* There is certainly something in these country glassees—they make a perfect fright of one—I can't bear myself in any of them—they shew as little breeding in their reflections as their savage owners.

*Sally.* For my part, I don't think they are fit for such a one as your Ladyship to look into; indeed they are well enough for a poor servant like me, or your middling folks in the country.

*Lady C.* But it is no wonder I look ill—I have have not had an hour's rest—it was three, you know, before I got into bed, and I had scarce clos'd my eyes, when a concert of rooks and pigeons began to serenade me, and kept me awake till six—these soft musicians had scarce given me a little respite, when the grenadiers march struck up directly under my window—then pop, pop, went the musquets for three or four hours, tearing my poor head to pieces, till, what with the noise and fretting, I almost lost my senses.

*Sally.* Lord, your Ladyship, it was Sir John and his servants that made all that racket and uproar—He has got a serjeant and a drummer from Bright-helmstone to teach him his exercise—If your Ladyship was to see him, and Roger the carter, and William the postillion, marching and defiling about, and turning out their toes, and handling their arms, you'd die with laughing. As sure as can be, the poor gentleman is not right in his mind—the thoughts of this invasion has turn'd his brain.

*Enter*



*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* A gentlewoman, who says her name is Mrs. Bruffels, desires to see your Ladyship immediately.

*Lady C.* Shew her up instantly. [*Exit Servant.*] As I live, Mrs. Bruffels the millener, from Saint James's Place—but run Sally yourself, and bring her to me; that blundering fool will make some mistake.

*Sally.* She's here, your Ladyship.

*Enter Mrs. Bruffels in a Riding-Habit, Lady Catherine runs and embraces her.*

*Lady C.* My dear Bruffels, this is most kind!—who could have expected you at such a distance from London?

*Bruf.* [*Takes a chair.*] I must rest myself, dear Lady Catherine, without ceremony.—You see what a figure I cut—I just popt out of the dilly, where I've been almost suffocated and squeez'd to death, between a fat parson and a greasy cook wench, who were coming down to Brighthelmstone for employment. I have news for you—Lady Betty is brought to bed, and is to be married next Thursday se'ennight.

*Lady C.* Seriously!

*Bruf.* You may depend upon it—but not a syllable transpired.

*Lady C.* And was there no whisper—no little ill-natur'd stories spread?

*Bruf.* There were a few squibs in the newspapers, but these are so common now, that even when they are true, nobody believes them.

*Lady C.* Have you heard how Harriet Rattle fettle'd her quarrel with Lady Sophia?

*Bruf.*

*Bruf.* In a very awkward manner—The military spirit, you know, is grown so fashionable, that Miss Harriet absolutely challenged her ; and they would actually have fought, only the person whom Lady Sophia had trusted to provide pistols, discovered the whole affair to my Lord, who went immediately to a magistrate, and had both the ladies bound over.

*Lady C.* Ha, ha, ha ! brave Harriet ! what a loss has the king sustain'd in her being oblig'd to wear a petticoat ?

*Bruf.* Harriet's conduct was punctiliously honourable—She sneer'd at the ridiculous ceremony of binding over ; but in order to evade it, set off for the Netherlands about ten days ago, leaving this laconic billet with Lady Sophia—" You'll hear of me at Lisle."

*Lady C.* And did Lady Sophia follow her ?

*Bruf.* Only she was taken in labour, she would ; but it is thought, that as soon as she is able to travel, she will go off post, to prevent her honour being question'd.

*Lady C.* You certainly, Brussels, are a most entertaining creature, your conversation is a perfect cordial—any thing new in your own way ?

*Bruf.* Nothing, my Lady, except the thunder caps.

*Lady C.* Thunder caps ! Heav'ns, Brussels, what do you mean ? Thunder caps !

*Bruf.* They are quite the ton, and all my own invention—So many accidents happen'd to the heads of my customers this summer from lightning, that I have contriv'd caps with conductors in them, which will enable a lady to walk with her head two yards high in the most violent thunder storm without danger.

*Lady C.* I hope you have brought one with you ?

*Bruf.* O yes, here it is—*[Pulls out an extravagant cap.]*

C

cap.

*cap.*—and, not that I say it, as highly finished as any cap from this to Paris—and one I'll insure safe wearing too in all weathers.

*Lady C.* Any thing else?

*Brus.* No—I have been out of rumps these six weeks ; indeed I don't think it worth wasting cork on 'em now—not one called for from morning till night—I have remarked that since the French war was first talk'd of, and so many new regiments raised, it has been quite unfashionable to make any unnatural addition to the shapes.

*Enter Servant with a Letter, which he delivers to Lady Catherine.*

*Lady C.* Who brought this letter?

*Servant.* A servant in livery, your Ladyship, he waits for an answer.

*Lady C.* You'll excuse me, Brussels.

*[Breaks the Seal and reads.]*

“ Madam,”

“ Permit me with the most awful respect to divulge a secret which has prey'd upon my peace  
“ for above these six months ; the first moment my  
“ eyes were blest'd with a sight of your beauty, my  
“ heart became your prisoner.” Unfortunate creature—  
“ and though I have struggled to get free,  
“ I find I do but rattle my chains without being  
“ able to break them ; like a squirrel in his cage,  
“ always ringing his bells, but never to any tune.”  
It is really very facetious. “ Grant me then, divine  
“ creature, an interview this evening on the walks,  
“ if it is only to let me die at your feet ; for die I  
“ know I must, some time or other.” Oh, Heav'ns!  
I would not be his death for the world.—“ Your  
“ not returning my letter, and telling my servant  
“ there is no answer, will be to me full answer ; for  
“ I will not offend your delicacy, by expecting you  
“ to

“ to write to me.”—He must be a man of quality by his breeding—“ I am, divine creature, with the purest sense of adoration, your eternal admirer, and devoted slave,

GEORGE NARCISSUS.”

Tell the servant there is no answer. [*Exit Servant.*]  
What a tender, delicate, elegant writer ! I would not be the death of such a man to be made a du-chefs. I must see him.

*Bruf.* I hope your Ladyship has heard no ill news, that you are so much mov’d.

*Lady C.* O, Bruffels, read that tender scroll, and tell me if I haven’t cause. [*Gives her the Letter.*]  
Such a man was framed to make a woman false:—Then he writes, good Gods ! how he does write !

*Bruf.* As sure as can be this is Sir George Narcissus, brother to the colonel.

*Lady C.* Then you know him, Bruffels ?

*Bruf.* I know his brother of the guards as well as I know your Ladyship, but I never saw the baronet ; I am told though he is one of the finest young fellows in England.

*Lady C.* O, Bruffels, is he ?

*Bruf.* And remarkable for his taste.

*Lady C.* That, I think, he has given a pretty good proof of.

*Bruf.* And has got an estate of eight thousand pounds per annum.

*Lady C.* O, do not mention that, Bruffels ! for what is fortune to the wish of love ? “ A miserable bankrupt,” as the tender Tancred says.

*Enter Emily.*

*Em.* My dear Lady Catherine have you spoken to my father about Charles ? This moment I heard he was at Brighthelmstone,—If you would let me slip out to see him, I would be back immediately.

*Lady C.* By no means Emily, what would your father say if you were to go off with Beaufort? A girl with ten thousand pounds at her own disposal is not to be trusted every where.

*Em.* But sure you may depend on my word, when I promise to come back.

*Lady C.* Lord Child, when the heart is once touch'd, there's no answering for a woman's conduct—I can't answer for my own in such a case. Eh, Brussels?

*Em.* But have you said any thing in poor Charles's favour to my father?

*Lady C.* Not I, upon my word—I am determined never to open my lips in favour of such a wild, thoughtless, inconsiderate spendthrift—He is not like Sir George.

[*Apart to Brussels.*]

*Bruf.* Sir George, your Ladyship!

*Lady C.* O, the dear man! But you must go with me, Brussels, I shall be in such a flutter, I shall certainly faint and discover that our passion is mutual before I open my lips.

*Em.* Dear aunt, let me intreat your intercession in my favour.

*Lady C.* I must insist, Miss Emily, that you retire to your chamber: I wonder you are not ashamed of exposing your passion for a fellow in this manner—But I must leave you, I have so much business at present of my own, that I have very little time to mind other people's—Come, Brussels, and help me to prepare for this affecting interview.

[*Exeunt Lady Catherine and Brussels.*]

*Em.* Poor Charles! I am the only friend thou hast in this house, and the only one who cannot serve thee—If Beaufort has not left the country in consequence of my father's ill treatment, he will be your firm friend—Beaufort! how my heart trembles at that name, and how active is fancy, to torment with hopes, which are now no more.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

What painful moments counts the maid,  
 Whose faithful bosom still  
 Retains the image love hath made  
 Against a parent's will.

II.

No morn that shakes its rosy wings,  
 Dawns peace upon her breast,  
 And night, that balmy slumber brings,  
 To her affords no rest.

III.

In vain she hopes that time will prove,  
 What absence could not give,  
 For should she cease one hour to love,  
 She'd cease that hour to live.

IV.

Thus deep within the wounded heart,  
 The fatal arrow lies,  
 And when to ease we draw the dart,  
 The hapless victim dies.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Spacious Hall.*

*Enter Sir John Evergreen, Drill, and Tattoo.*

*Sir J.* Now we only want a couple of field-pieces, and our review will be complete.

*Drill.* Have you ever a pair of jack boots in the house?—I think we might make a shift with them.

*Sir J.* Do you think they will stand the firing?

*Drill.* Damme, I'll engage for them as well as if they had tower mark on—I'll tell you a story of a jack boot—The first battle I was ever in, being a mere boy, as a man may say, you must know I was devilishly frightened; but a good-natur'd grenadier observing my confusion, whips me off a jack boot from the leg of a trooper, whose brains were just blown out, and intrench'd me up to the chin in it, in the twirling of a ramrod: as soon as I found myself, Sir, safely garrisoned in the boot, I bent my knees, to take every advantage of my post, and damn me if I did not maintain it with the greatest steadiness till the battle was over, without receiving a single wound but one, and where do you think that was?

*Sir J.* Perhaps in the toes—that part of a jack boot I know is apt to go first.

*Drill.* It was in the lace of the hind firk of my hat, which happen'd to be too much exposed above the boot to the fire of the enemy.—What do you think of a jack boot now?

*Tat.* Split my drum sticks, how you do fling the hatchet, Serjeant!

*Drill.* Why do you doubt my word, you dog! I tell

tell you what, Sir John, there's not a man in the regiment but would swear to it.

*Sir J.* I don't doubt it—I don't doubt it at all, Mr. Drill—for my part, I think the story highly probable.

*Tat.* Probable, Sir ! if he gets any body to say it is true but himself, I'll suffer my braces to be cut on a review day, and be content with the black hole for my dining-room.

*Drill.* Ah, you rascal, you know I can't ; the entire corps I belonged to were all cut to pieces ; therefore he knows I have not a witness living to confront him.

*Tat.* This is another Fontenoy, serjeant ; he says Sir, he was at the battle of Fontenoy at eight years old.

*Drill.* So I was, firrah—I went there, with a fife in my hand, and behaved so well, that I was promoted to a drum as soon as ever I was able to carry one, and had the honour of scourging the whole regiment.

*Sir J.* But let us see about the boots—Here, Roger. [Calls.]

*Enter Roger.*

*Roger.* Did your worship call ?

*Sir J.* Yes, bring me the old boots that are hanging up over the chimney in the back-kitchen.

*Roger.* What the mouldy pair, that the rats eat the straps of ? I doubt they are not fit for your worship's wearing.

*Sir J.* What's the matter with them ? Have any of you rascals being drawing them on lately ?

*Roger.* Drawing them on, your worship ! ecod I defy anybody to do that ; for they are as stiff as a deal board, and one of them would be enough to boot such a one as I from head to foot.

*Sir*



*Sir J.* Well, Sir, bring them here immediately.

*Roger.* I wish your worship would send somebody else.

*Sir J.* Why what's the matter, you dog, that you can't bring 'em?

*Roger.* Why if I must tell your worship, Tabby, the cat, kitten'd in one of them yesterday, and if I was to disturb her, Margery the cook would play the very devil with me.

*Drill.* What! the cat kitten'd in one of our field pieces?

*Tat.* Zounds! let it be charged at the muzzle, and blow her and her family out at the touch-hole.

*Roger.* But I am afraid to tell your worship about the other.

*Sir J.* Out with it, rascal, as you dread my anger.

*Roger.* Why, Sir, about half a year ago the coal-box was burnt, and being afraid to tell your worship, we cut off the foot of one of those old boots, thinking you would never wear them, and so made a coal box of the leg, saving your worship's presence.

*Sir J.* Run and dislodge the cat, drownevery one of the kittens, but first bring me the unoccupied boot as it is. [*Exit Roger.*] One field piece, serjeant, is better than no artillery.

*Enter Emily.*

*Sir J.* So, Madam! I see you still continue whimpering?

*Em.* I cannot help feeling, Sir: it is no more in my power than yours to command the affections.

*Sir J.* What business has a girl like you with affections?

*Emily.* Did you not countenance Mr. Beaufort's addresses? nay, was not the very day fixed for our marriage?

*Sir J.*

*Sir J.* Yes, but I have changed my mind ; the fellow was mean enough to prefer fighting with words and parchment in Westminster Hall, to the glorious danger of the field of battle. If he had purchased a pair of colours with his last shilling, I would have given you to him at once, for he might one day become a general ; but he shall never have a daughter of mine, till he acquires spirit enough to consider a good soldier a better character than the Lord Chancellor.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* A gentleman, who came to the door in a chariot, desires to speak with you, Sir.

*Tat.* Then we'll make ourselves scarce.

*Sir J.* Step down to the pantry, and get some strong beer and bread and cheese to stay your stomachs, and I will dispatch him immediately.

*Drill.* Come, Tattoo, strike your tent.

*Tat.* Damme ! I'm never in the rear when I'm on the march to Cupboard Garrison.

*[Exeunt Drill and Tattoo.]*

*Sir J.* Has this gentleman told you his name ?

*Serv.* Yes Sir, Enamel is his name.

*Sir J.* O, tell Mr. Enamel to walk up.

*[Exit Servant.]*

*Em.* Then, Sir, I suppose I may retire to my apartment ?

*Sir J.* No, Madam, stay where you are ; I have something to say to you presently—Zounds, here is Mr. Enamel.

*Enter Cameleon, fantastically dressed for Enamel the Dentist, Mr. Beaufort in a Livery.*

*Cam.* Dear Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons for not being with you sooner, but I have scarce a mo-  
D ment

ment to myself. Lady Bab Frightful kept me with her for above an hour; and it's as difficult to get away from Lord Toothless, as it is to please him—Be so kind as to be seated—I'm in a prodigious hurry. *[Hands himself a chair.]*

Sir J. By all means, Sir, I never want to be bid take a chair in my own house. *[Aside]* What the devil can this fellow want with me?

*[Beaufort drawing nearer to Emily.]*

Beau. Heavens how I tremble as I approach her.

Em. What can this man possibly want with my father?

Beau. But do you not know me, Emily?

Em. Know you! O heavens! is it possible? Beaufort!

Cam. *[Looking earnestly at Sir John's Mouth.]* Aye, I see they are very badly coloured—but that may be owing to neglect—perhaps you don't use water glasses after dinner.

Sir J. Water glasses!

Cam. But now I mention water glasses, it reminds me of a whimsical accident which happen'd last week at Lord Whiffle's. His Lordship had a large party to dine with him, all people of tip top fashion and my customers; could not have swallowed a mouthful for all that but for me; amongst others, Lady Mary Made-up; who had got in that day an entire new set upon trial from Signor Grinini, they were highly finished, and Lady Mary did the artist ample justice, for she was upon the broad grin during the whole time of dinner.

Sir J. Oh! that's a mark of good breeding among your people of fashion.

Cam. After dinner as she was sipping from her water glass, an awkward booby of a servant jostled her elbow, and drove the edge of the glass with such

such violence against her fore teeth, that the whole set bounced into her lap in a twinkling—Every body stared, not so much at the accident (as it was one might have happened to most of themselves) as at the prodigious alteration it made in Lady Mary—her cheeks which appeared as round and as plump as a peach, shrunk into wrinkles, her lips fell in, her nose and chin approached, and from a fine blooming girl of five and twenty—before the cloth was removed, she was hagged into an antiquated maiden of threescore.

*Sir J.* Ha, ha, ha!—A very good story! 'Sdeath, if it were possible for such an accident to befall me, I should never be able to shew my face again.

*Cam.* You need not fear, Sir, if you deal with me. But be so good, Sir, as to open your mouth a little wider.

*Sir J.* Open my mouth a little wider.

*Cam.* A gentle curl upon your cheek, just an inclination to a smile.

*Sir J.* A smile! why zounds do you think I am angry with you for telling this story?

*Cam.* [*Ahde.*] Now to amuse my old friend, while the lovers talk a little. [*Looking as in great surprize at Beaufort.*] Ha! John, what's the matter? Are you taken ill?

*Beau.* I don't know what's the matter with me, Sir, but I have such a strange unaccountable something or other come over me.

*Sir J.* The devil you have; but I suppose you have been drinking this morning, you rascal.

*Cam.* No, no, I am sure he hasn't—John is a very sober fellow, but he's very subject to fits, one of which he will most certainly have, unless he gets a little cordial to revive him.

*Sir J.* He shall have a bumper of brandy, if that will do him any good—Here, Emily, go give this

poor fellow a glass of brandy; give him two if he will take them.

*Em.* I shall obey your commands, Sir—How fortunate! [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt Beaufort and Emily.*]

[*Cameleon pulls out a large Box.*]

*Cam.* Sir, I challenge Europe to match the set I have brought—they have the polish of porcelain, —the whiteness of alabaster, and the clearness and delicacy of pearl; and for strength, from a filbert to a walnut, there is not such a pair of nut-crackers in the kingdom, and I'll engage them all genuine elephants.

*Sir J.* Elephants! Zounds! sure this fellow does not think because I am going into the army, that I'll make war like the great Mogul, upon the back of an elephant. [*Aside.*]

*Cam.* Scarce one person in twenty, Sir, has got a decent set of teeth.

*Sir J.* Damn their teeth; what are their teeth to me?

*Cam.* Why certainly nothing, Sir, you are only to take care of your own.

*Sir J.* What is this fellow driving at? [*Aside.* But come, Sir, whatever business you have with me, dispatch it, as I can't stand chattering nonsense with you all day.

*Cam.* Sir I beg pardon for detaining you a second longer than necessary. [*Opens his Box.*] But I have every thing ready—and will dispatch you in a trice. Dear Sir, before I begin, I beg to know who gave you that vile set of teeth?—if it were public, 'twou'd blow him up—'twou'd ruin his business.

*Sir J.* This fellow is as mad as a March hare—why, friend, what is the matter with my teeth?

*Cam.* The matter with them, Sir! you have not one in your mouth fit for a gentleman to open his lips

lips with—one hearty laugh would destroy you—I would not venture to fit the fashionable comedy with them for fifty pounds—but I will give you a set that for colour, I defy any black or chimney-sweeper in the kingdom to match them—Be so kind Sir, as to let me take those vile teeth out of your head, and I'll replace them with a new set in the picking of an old one.

*[Pulls out a large Instrument for drawing Teeth.]*

*Sir J.* You rascal! do you mean to insult me? Get out of my house this moment, or I'll not leave a tooth standing in your head for this insolence.

*Cam.* What! must I go then, without putting in your teeth, or giving you the new left eye I have brought you?

*Sir J.* The new left eye!—here's a fellow for you—Don't you think, rascal, I can see better with the eyes I have, than with any you can make me?

*Cam.* Very well, Sir, very well, Sir—I shall call upon the colonel, and demand the cause of this treatment.

*Sir J.* Colonel—What Colonel?

*Cam.* Colonel Platoon—who sent me to you from London, desiring I might call with a complete set of teeth, upper and under, and a left eye of the hazle colour—As you had not a tooth in your head, and was blind of an eye these six months.

*Sir J.* So then it is to Colonel Platoon I am indebted for this insult? But it is no matter, I will have satisfaction—he shall account to me for this.

*Cam.* Aye, Sir, but who is to account to me for my goods? Is this fine set of teeth, and this beautiful eye to lie upon my hands?

*Sir J.* Damn your teeth, Sir, and damn your eyes! Get about your business.

*Cam.* It is mighty well, Sir, it is mighty well. I shall charge them to the Colonel.

*Sir J.* Charge yourself out of my house.

*Cam.*

*Cam.* Pretty usage truly, for a man of my figure and profession—I, who if it is only with my chariot in the streets of London, have made as much noise as any man in England ;—I Sir, who supply half the nobility with teeth, and have my eyestalked of in all parts of Europe—Nay, Sir, 'tis not six weeks since a Swedish nobleman offer'd to take one with him to the court of Stockholm, and procure me the honour of the polar star ; but Sir, I declined the honour ; I am more of a patriot ; whatever my talents are, my country shall enjoy them : your servant—I shall look up to the Colonel for payment. *[Exit Cam.]*

*Sir J.* An impertinent tooth-drawing mountebank rascal !—And the Colonel to send him to me ! 'Sdeath, when such fellows are able to ride in chariots, by putting in false teeth and false eyes, how many ill furnished and disorder'd heads must we have in the nation.

*[Enter a Servant.]*

*Sir J.* What is the matter, Sir ?

*Serv.* Oh, Sir, Will Skaite the fisherman is just arrived with most terrible news.

*Sir J.* What is it ?

*Serv.* A fleet of French privateers that are now bearing down directly for Brighthelmstone, and will be here he says, before ten o'clock to night. Oh, Sir, our wives and our daughters, our sisters and our brothers will be all ravished—We shall have our throats cut, every mother's soul of us, and be laid under distribution afterwards.

*Sir J.* Aye, I knew how 'twou'd be ; I knew how 'twou'd be—here's an enemy come down upon us, without a single ridout or fortification in the whole neighbourhood of Brighthelmstone to resist them—But where is Drill and Tattoo ?

*Serv.*

*Serv.* In the pantry, Sir, like good foldiers, storming the outworks of a furloin of beef, and demolishing the cheaveaux-de-frize of a venison pasty.

*Sir J.* Post to them instantly, and bid them muster all the recruits they can, and meet me straight on the parade at the White-Horse skittle ground.

[*Exit Servant.*

Go you, Tom, and station the coachman and postilion, with groom and stable boys to guard the out-houses and stables—Bid the butler and Bandy Will look sharp to his pantry, and tell the cook to dispatch a party of scullions on the scout to prevent a surprize, while he is dressing dinner—I will give orders to Roger the carter to surround the front of my house with carts, waggon, ploughs and harrows, behind which, I and the garden-men will pepper 'em with the family blunderbusses; should we be beat from our fortification, we'll retire to the great hog stie, while the maids shall pour down vengeance from the garret windows—And now let Mounseers come as soon as they please.

[*Exit.*

End of the FIRST ACT.





## ACT the SECOND.

## SCENE the SEA COAST.

*Enter CAMELEON, BEAUFORT, and CHARLES  
EVERGREEN.*

CAMELEON.

THEY have swallowed the bait; the whole family have caught the alarm; so I have nothing to do now, but to assume my disguise, and to act the fisherman.

BEAUFORT. Away!—yonder I see lady Catherine! 'sdeath there's another with her; but the fattest is she, Charles.

CHARLES. Begone! they are here.

*[Exeunt CAMELEON and BEAUFORT; and Enter  
LADY CATHERINE and BRUSSELLS.]*

LADY C. That old fool my brother, fancies we shall be invaded to night—and is fortifying his house for a siege.

BRUSSELLS. And do you think, Lady Catherine, there is any truth in the report?

LADY C. Why, I think Brussells you are as great a fool as Sir John.—But yonder is Sir George.—What a figure! what a countenance!

CHARLES. Now am I confoundedly puzzled to distinguish which is my mistress!—Beaufort told  
E me

me the fattest :—but I must have had a pair of scales to determine that; for, according to appearance, there is not half a pound difference;—he might as well have told me the oldest, and bad me count my dulcinea's wrinkles to be sure of her.

LADY C. I am in such confusion !—if he accosts me suddenly, I shall certainly swoon——Why doesn't he come up to us, Brussells ?

CHARLES. If I should make a blunder it would be the devil !——an old woman never forgives an insult to her beauty.

LADY C. He is a mighty modest creature, Brussells :—do you walk by him, and see if he'll speak to you. (*Brussells walks by him, and he mistakes her for Lady Catherine.*)

CHARLES. (*bows very low.*) Madam, this is such an honor, so unexpected.

BRUSSELS. O Sir ! your letter was of that tender, warm, pathetic——

CHARLES. O Madam !——my letter was frost to the scorching fire of my passion :—but dear, adorable, sov'reign of my wishes.——(*kneeling, seizes her hand and kisses it.*)

LADY C. Ah ! what do I hear ! what do I see ?

BRUSSELS. Sir, you overwhelm——

CHARLES. Madam, consider the fervor of my passion :——the time I have lov'd, tho' I have never divulg'd my flame before——the many tedious days, and sleepless nights it has cost me, the——

LADY C. I can hold no longer——O thou base, thou perjur'd Sir George !——Is it thus you repay me for granting you an interview ?—Is this your love and tenderness for the unhappy Lady Catherine !—and descend to an old milliner too !

BRUSSELS. An old milliner truly !—marry come up !

up!—there are some milliners, I can tell you, are look'd up to, when other folks are look'd down upon.

CHARLES. (*aside*) Just as I expected!—but Brönze assist me—(*coming up to Lady Catherine*) Is it possible that my lovely Lady Catherine is offended at my respectful delicacy for her?

LADY C. Perjur'd man, do not speak to me.

CHARLES. The moment, I beheld you, every faculty forsook me; my knees shook, my eyes swam and I was lost in delicious confusion; then turning round and round, to recover myself, I saw this lady, in whose face, I read good humour and affability,—and who I know to be one of the best milliners in England—she, said I, will speak for me—she will break the ice with my dear, but reserved and modest *Lady Catherine*.

LADY C. Then you only wanted Brüssells to introduce you to me?

CHARLES. No more upon my soul!—sure you don't think old Brüssells!—hem!

BRUSSELLS. Mighty well truly!—but we are all at liberty to think for ourselves.

CHARLES. The vast disparity of your years—

BRUSSELLS. A rude fellow! to talk of years!

CHARLES. Then the nameless graces of that bewitching countenance!—your smiles, your dimples!—your eyes!—“Oh! were those eyes in heav'n, they'd through the airy”—there is no occasion to detain Mrs. Brüssells longer I believe.

LADY C. None in the world;—you may go, Brüssells.

BRUSSELLS. Aye to be sure, Lady Catherine, I will go. (*aside*) An old fool! to suffer herself to be impos'd upon in such a manner. He is

really a charming young fellow!——but as the old saying is, he might have killed two birds with one stone.  
[Exit Bruffells.]

LADY C. O Sir George! Sir George! you are a bewitching man!——but how long is it since you first saw me?

CHARLES. It was seven months yesterday, a fortnight, and three days.

LADY C. I think you said six in your letter!

CHARLES. Ah Madam, how happy does that observation make me; there is another proof of my passion, it has quite destroyed my memory.

LADY C. Where did you see me first, Sir George?

CHARLES. At a masquerade:—and to prove that I am no common lover, I fell in love with you, without so much as seeing your face.

LADY C. O yes! I remember I was there in the character of a shepherdess—And how did you know me again?

CHARLES. By that delicate shape, Madam, and that impossible-describable something, which presides over every look, every gesture, every motion of Lady Catherine.—But when, when, adorable Lady, shall I call you mine?

LADY C. Spare my confusion, I beseech you, Sir George.

CHARLES. Cruel woman!—then I find my seven months sufferings have made no impression!——recollect the journeys I have made after you——from London to Bath; from Bath to, the Hot-Wells; from the Hot-Wells to Scarborough; from Scarborough to Tunbridge; from Tunbridge to Brighthelmstone; from Brighthelmstone—Hat  
who

who is that I see yonder—Sir John Evergreen, as I live!

LADY C. Do you know him?

CHARLES. I did formerly; at present we are not upon very good terms. But as we must part this moment, when shall I see you again? To-night; to-morrow morning; after to-morrow or next day;—oh tell me when, or I shall have no time to hear you.

LADY C. Then to-night at ten, Sir George.

CHARLES. (*aside*) The devil! I find my aunt-mistress is not fond of procrastinating: I'll meet thee, my angel. Farewell.

LADY C. But first, Sir George, take this pledge of our infant passion. (*gives him a ring*) It has my picture set in brilliants.

CHARLES. I take it my love, with—but, zounds, here is Sir John. (*going, she holds him*)

LADY C. Sir George! Sir George! I give you leave before you go. (*offers her cheek*)

CHARLES. By Heaven I have not time now,—here's Sir John—I must fly. [*Exit CHARLES.*

LADY C. Oh! the bewitching fellow!—but I must be gone too, or this foolish brother of mine will be asking me some indelicate questions.—I am sorry the young man was in such a hurry.

[*Exit LADY CATHERINE.*

*Enter SIR JOHN EVERGREEN, CAMELEON in a Fisherman's dress, and TATTOO, DRILL, and a party of the SERVANTS.*

SIR JOHN. Is not that Lady Catherine goes off yonder?

SERVANT. Yes, your honor, I think it is.

SIR

SIR JOHN. Aye, she has been caterwawling here by the sea-side.—And when did you see this fleet, Skaite?

CAMELEON. Yesterday morning, your honor, as you'll find by my affidavit before the mayor;—about five o'clock, just as the day began to peep; I saw something black to the larboard, which at first I took for a squall; but as the morning began to clear, I saw well enough that it was a fleet of ships, bearing down upon me with all the canvases they could crowd.

SIR JOHN. Then I suppose you threw your cargo of fish overboard, in order to run the faster?

CAMELEON. No, no; I know the hungry Mon-sieurs too well: if I had done that, they would have sunk me for disappointing them of my cargo.

DRILL. What!—reserve your cargo for the enemies of your country! damme, you dog, you ought to be tried by a court-martial for it, and tied up to the halberds for mutiny.

CAMELEON. But Mr. Serjeant, you don't consider; we are not all born soldiers and brave men, like you and Mr. Tattoo there—I wage war against no human creatures, except Turbot, Cod, Lobsters and Mackrel; and provided I have courage enough to subdue and take prisoners a sufficient number of them, I do not envy Alexander.

SIR JOHN. But proceed Skaite with your relation.

CAMELEON. Unluckily for me, Sir, one of my boys had tied a red silk handkerchief to the mast head of my boat, in order to dry it; the Frenchmen took this for English colours, and a signal was held out for fighting.

SIR

SIR JOHN. For fighting! why sure they might have seen you had no guns.

CAMELEON. Why, that's the very reason they were so eager to fight me.—If I had had guns on board, they would have run away the very first glimpse they got of their muzzles—but you shall hear—the handkerchief they took for colours, and accordingly discharged a full broadside into me, which carried away my mast, sails, and rigging, killed every soul on board except myself, and mangled me in a terrible manner.

SIR JOHN. Mangled you! why you don't seem to have any wounds now!

CAMELEON. Ah Sir! if you had seen me when I came on shore this morning—all the cocks of my hat were shot away, so that it look'd like a bowl or a basin on my head; several balls were lodged in the skirts of my coat; my trowsers had more holes in 'em than a cullendar, and I should have lost my thigh by a musquet ball, but for a tobacco box in my breeches-pocket: however, as if that ball had a spight against me, it wheeled afterwards into the forecabin, penetrated the door of a locker, and broke into fitters a *cardvine* of choice cognac I had just purchased from a smuggler.

SIR JOHN. They told you they were coming to Brighthelmstone?

CAMELEON. They did indeed, Sir; and to shew you what it is to be encouraging foreigners, they were persuaded to come here by some Frenchmen that were down here last season as servants to Lady Ostrich; who told them there was a power of company here, and that they would make their fortunes.

SIR



SIR JOHN. I thought so, I thought that all this mischief was owing to our damned Frenchified people of quality.

CAMELEON. Do you speak French, Sir?

SIR JOHN. French ! no nor one of my family, except my son, and him I have discarded for extravagance and disloyalty.

CAMELEON. That's a great pity, sir ; for as your house, from its situation, is the first they will invest, should you not be able to hold out, and come to a parly, what will you do for an interpreter?

SIR JOHN. You were abroad, serjeant ; can't you jabber a little?

DRILL. I never could get beyond *parley vous*, Sir John.

SIR JOHN. Nor you, Tattoo?

TATTO. I advanced to *see signore*, fir, but no farther.

CAMELEON. O you are two rare scholars. Sir John, I'll go myself down to the beach, and watch their landing, bring you exact word of the numbers and force, and tell you whether you ought to fight or capitulate ; I'll be your interpreter, for I speak as good Guernsey French as any fisherman in the Channel.

SIR JOHN. My dear Skaite, I am heartily obliged to you ; go off then this moment, for you see it is just dark, and it is fifty to one but they are landed already.

CAMELEON. I fly to serve you, Sir John. (*aside*) Now to my master and his friends.

[*Exit Cameleon.*]

SIR

DRILL. Have you given the necessary orders, Sir John, for the siege?

SIR JOHN. No, no; I must first see what state my troops are in.—Go you, Drill, and bring 'em before us—here they come! here they come—come on my hearts of gold.

*Enter a large party of servants armed with stails, pitch-forks, &c.—The cook armed with a spit, the scullion with the poker, and all the others bearing something emblematical of their stations. In the middle two women stand with escutcheons tack'd to old curtains for colours in their hands; they march across the stage and salute SIR JOHN with ludicrous solemnity.*

Oh! excellent disposition! now listen to me while I issue my orders.—You serjeant, and you, friend Tattoo, take possession of the garret windows; you shall be attended by two chambermaids, to supply you with proper utensils to annoy the enemy in case of a storm.—You, Roger, and William, entrench yourselves with your six Irish hay-makers, on the leads.—I myself will be confined to no station, —I'll be up stairs, and down stairs, during the whole engagement, and see that every man does his duty.—But oddsooks! what shall we do with our women? —Do you think they will be safe in the parlour?

DRILL. The parlour, Sir John! if the enemy have any artillery, all the under part of the house will be blown away at the first discharge.

SIR JOHN. What do you think of posting them in the wine-cellar.

DRILL. If there's no danger of their getting drunk, it's the only place of safety in the house: for there nothing can hurt them, except a mine is sprung upon us.

F

SIR

SIR JOHN. And now come on, gentlemen,—  
march to your several stations: and as you love  
Old England, roast beef, and liberty; and hate  
slavery, frogs, and Frenchmen, behave nobly—  
Huzza!—Old England for ever.

[Exit SIR JOHN, DRILL, &c.]

*Scene changes to SIR JOHN EVERGREEN'S house. The  
courtyard barrocaded with ploughs, harrows, wheel-  
barrows, &c.—The windows all shut except one, at  
which EMILY appears.*

EMILY. This is the time Beaufort promised to  
come: I tremble for his success, and tho' my li-  
berty and happiness depend upon it, I feel a se-  
cret sense of shame at my father's being made so  
ridiculous.—Ha! is not that he coming yon-  
der, and my brother Charles?

*Enter BEAUFORT, and CHARLES EVERGREEN.*

CHARLES. My dear sister, have I at last liberty  
to see you?

EMILY. O Charles! I employed every stratagem  
this morning, to get out to see you: but my aunt,  
from her aversion to Mr. Beaufort, prevented it.

CHARLES. My dear girl, I am much more con-  
cerned for your situation than my own: but I hope  
you are prepared now, and will let no childish  
fears, and ridiculous niceties shake your resolu-  
tion.

EMILY. You may depend upon me, Charles.  
—You had scarce quitted the house this morn-  
ing, Beaufort, when you were discovered:—  
one of the servants knew you through your dis-  
guise, in consequence of which, I have been lock'd  
up in this apartment ever since.

BEAUFORT. Keep up your spirits, my angel, for  
I hope to deliver you in less than half an hour.

EMILY.

EMILY. Begone! I hear my father's voice——  
 he and his rout are now coming in at the back-  
 gate——farewell dear Charles—Beaufort, adieu!

*[She retires from the window.]*

BEAUFORT. O Charles! what an adorable girl!  
 ——what an eye!——what a lip!——what a shape!  
 then her voice!——as she spoke to me from the  
 window, by Heav'n, every silver accent thrilled  
 down to my very heart, and touched the finest  
 chords of love.

CHARLES. Zounds! by these raptures, I should  
 suppose you wanted me to make love to my sister  
 as well as my aunt.

*Enter CAMELEON.*

CAMELEON. Bustle, bustle, my masters, yonder  
 are you disguises——gird on your swords, and  
 mount your whisks; then come and be ready to  
 take your cues. I hope you are perfect in your  
 lessons?

CHARLES. Perfect! I have almost broke my  
 jaws with it: such execrable sounds, sure, never  
 wounded a civilized ear since the confusion at  
 Babel.

BEAUFORT. But have you bought off the fer-  
 jeant and drummer?

CAMELEON. They are secure, Sir. I purchased  
 their loyalty with three of the five guineas you  
 gave me to be employed in secret services. I  
 gave half a crown to a press gang for the hire of  
 their flag till to-morrow morning.——I have en-  
 gaged the master of a puppet-show to beat the  
 drum, and his merry-Andrew, in case of necessity,  
 to act the part of a French brigadier general; then

F 2

I have

I have 'a large party of fishermen for soldiers; and, what few generals can say, have satisfied my whole army with twenty shillings—But dear masters, begone, and when I wave my hand, come to me. (*Exeunt BEAUFORT and EVERGREEN, manet CAMELEON*)—Now general Cameleon art thou on the eve of finishing a most glorious campaign—If I reduce this garrison, I shall get into good snug winter quarters for the rest of my life. But hold, hold! what if I should be obliged to raise the siege? What if the enemy should make a fally, and fairly defeat me? why then “farewell to the little good my master will do for me! farewell the good hot dinner! the “ear piercing bell! the royal sirloin, and all “pride, pomp, and prospect of good eating! and “oh ye round-paunch’d landlords, whose fiery “faces dread Jove’s red lightning counterfeit, “farewell! Cameleon’s wages and his place are “gone!” (*Sir John appears at one of the windows*)

SIR JOHN. I have heard nothing yet which denotes their near approach. Holloa, Drill, did you hear any thing yet? (*Drill appears at the upper window*)

DRILL. Heard your honour! I am almost stunned with their artillery.

CAMELEON. (*aside*) Well said, serjeant; that gun was well levelled.

SIR JOHN. The devil you are! why I have not heard so much as a single musquet go off.

DRILL. That’s, sir, because you have lost your hearing with the noise.

SIR JOHN. Why I hear you very well.

DRILL. But I am obliged to roar to you as if I had a speaking trumpet at my mouth, and repeat  
the

the same thing over twenty times before you take the least notice of me.

SIR JOHN. Aye ! why now this is very strange, that I should lose my hearing with a noise I never heard.

CAMELEON. (*aside*) Now is the time to give him the alarm. (*goes up to the door and knocks*) Sir John, Sir John, they are come, they are come.

SIR JOHN. I know it, I know it, my good friend ! But prithee are there great numbers of them ?

CAMELEON. Numbers, your honor ! they are as thick as a shoal of herrings ; but did you ever hear such a dreadful cannonading ?

SIR JOHN. Drill tells me it is terrible, and so it must, for I have lost my hearing by it.

CAMELEON. Harkee now, sir ; there they go again, sir ; there again, sir. Lord o'mercy, will they never ha' done ?

SIR JOHN. Now am I so deaf, Skaite, that I don't hear a word of all this cannonading. (*a drum heard*) O yes I hear the drums now, I have got my hearing again.

CAMELEON. I thought, sir, something was the matter with you, for I was bawling to you half an hour before you heard me.

SIR JOHN. But what's to be done, Skaite ? Do you think we shall be able to stand out a siege ?

CAMELEON. Lord, sir ! how can such a thing enter into your head ? If they once throw a bomb or two, they'll blow up your house, family and all, in a few minutes.

SERVANTS. Lord ! what will become of us poor servants ?

SIR

SIR JOHN. Why ye rascals, what reason have ye to complain, when your master is blown up along with you?

CAMELEON. Dear sir, think of something; yonder they come; I hear their drums, and can see all their swords and musquets glistening thro' the trees with the moon-beams.

SIR JOHN. Zounds, as an Englishman, I cannot think of giving up my castle, though they do blow me up.

DRILL. But, sir, have you any regard for other people's lives.

CAMELEON. It will be too late, sir, if you don't speak immediately, for I see they have stopped, and sent off two heralds to treat with you. What do you say, sir, shall I speak to them for you?

SIR JOHN. Well! since you will have it so, with all my heart.

CAMELEON. Apropos, here they come.

*Enter BEAUFORT and CHARLES EVERGREEN, with whiskers, large hats, and long swords, a flag with a large party.*

SIR JOHN. Zounds, their two heralds are strapping dogs; what whiskers! (*Cameleon bows several times very low*)

BEAUFORT. Contenterongtee cawpitulee ou instantee blownuppowfi?

CAMELEON. It's just as I told you, sir; he asks, whether you'll capitulate, or be content to be blown up instantly?

SIR JOHN. Then you may tell him we will capitulate?

CAMELEON. Capitulongtee, Maisieur.

BEAU-

BEAUFORT. Parblieu ! quelle monye give he'll it up pour ransummit him ?

CAMELEON. He bids me ask how much money you will give to ransom yourself and family ?

SIR JOHN. Why I have not a great deal of money in the house : ask him how much he will take ? But let me see now, you'll make a good bargain for me.

CAMELEON. I'll do the best I can for you to be sure. — Demandè votre ransummond.

CHARLES. Poundong, thoufanong, fifteenong.

SIR JOHN. What is that he says ? Does not he say he will take fifteen pounds ?

CAMELEON. Ah ! Sir ! I wish he did. He asks fifteen thousand.

SIR JOHN. Fifteen thousand ! why, that is almost the price of half my estate.

CHARLES. Descendè cum toute famille, & romport le monny.

CAMELEON. He bids you, Sir, come out with your whole family, and bring the money.

SIR JOHN. Why, you know I can't speak French ; tell him I will settle the business where I am.

CAMELEON. Lord, Sir ! why will you cross him, if he once falls in a passion, he will cut off my head, then what will you do for an interpreter ?

CHARLES. Ha ! non descenderotée ? Noo cowperong vote headon, non descendong instantly.

*[Draws his sword in a violent passion.]*

CAMELEON. O dear Sir ! for the love of mercy come down, or you will see your poor Skaite laid as flat as a flounder. — Come down, come down, Sir ! for till you do, I shan't be sure my head is on my shoulders.

SIR



SIR JOHN. Well, tell him I'll come down.

CAMELEON. Il descendero, oh! reverend, & venerawle.

BOTH. Oho! oho! nous instructo manero.

[*All retire from the windows.*]

CAMELEON. Now, sir, what do you say to your Cameleon?

CHARLES. My Cameleon! my Hermes! my Apollo! my god of Invention! I'll erect a monument to you, sirrah, in your life time; and when every body is praising your parts, you shall be as rich and happy as a blockhead.

BEAUFORT. But mum! the citadel is thrown open, and yonder comes the governor with the keys.

*Enter Sir John, Emily, Lady Catherine, Brussels, Drill, Tattoo, and a crowd of servants at the door.*

LADY C. Sir John, Sir John! how could you be so rash to open the doors?

SIR JOHN. Why, zounds, are you afraid they will take you off to France with them?

BRUSSELS. O which is the interpreter?

CAMELEON. Here, madam, at your service.

BRUSSELS. O dear sir, tell them I have no money at present about me, but if they'll wait till I send to London, I'll give 'em two of my apprentices as hostages, till my ransom is paid.

CAMELEON. Come, come, Sir John, have you brought the money down?

SIR JOHN. I have brought all I had in the house; here it is. (*shows some papers*) Ten thousand

land pounds in good India bonds, my poor girl's fortune.

CAMELEON. Aye, let me have 'em; I'll try and make 'em take even this trifle. (*takes the bonds*)

BRUSSELS. O dear Mr. Skaite, isn't this to ransom us all?

CAM. Ransom you all! 'sdeath, madam, have you no more conscience than to impose upon these gentlemen, because they are foreigners?

SIR JOHN. I suppose they will now lay the whole town of Brighthelmstone under contribution.

BEAUF. I am perfectly satisfied with the money I got here, and provided you will consent to an union with my dearest Emily, will never take a shilling of it out of the family. (*discovers himself*)

CAM. Now do I think it wisest, for fear of accident, to lodge the money in a place of safety.

[*Exit.*]

SIR JOHN. What am I then trick'd, robb'd,--- but do not think I'll tamely submit to this; I'll try the law instantly, I'll---Will no one fetch me a constable?

BEAUF. Have you forgot that your daughter has ten thousand pounds independant of you? But, Sir, to shew you that I cannot take a mean, or ungenerous advantage, I'll return you your money, and throw myself entirely on your generosity.---Here, Cameleon.

SIR JOHN. Aye, try my generosity.

*Enter CAMELEON.*

CAM. Did your honour call?

G

BEAUF.

BEAUF. Yes, give me those India bonds.

CAM. What bonds, Sir?

BEAUF. The bonds you got from Sir John Evergreen this moment.

SIR JOHN. Ay, my bonds, my bonds, firrah.

CAM. Lord, Sir! what can you possibly want with them.

BEAUF. Come, Come, Cameleon, no trifling: give them to me.

CAM. You must excuse, me, Sir; my fortune as well as yours, depends upon those bonds—— If I give them up, Sir John will never give you his daughter, and I shall lose my reward.

SIR JOHN. You will be hang'd, you dog, if you don't give 'em me.

CAM. But I know I shall be starved if I do.—— Now, Sir, as I look upon starving to be a certainty, and hanging but a probability, I'll keep the bonds, and set the gallows at defiance.

SIR JOHN. Get me the bonds, Beaufort, and I'll give you my daughter immediately. (*Here Sir John, Cameleon, Emily, and Beaufort, retire to the back of the stage*)

LADY C. Don't do any such thing, Sir John.

CAM. My Lady, this other French gentleman desires to speak with you.

CHARLES. (*takes her aside, and discovers himself.*) Have you forgot, Sir George, Lady Catherine?

LADY C. Sir George! sure it isn't possible?

CHARLES. Mum, madam, as you value your reputation; I am no Sir George, but plain Charles Evergreen, your nephew.

G 2

LADY

LADY C. My nephew!

CHARLES. The same, madam; so take the hint: tell my father you have paid my debts, or this picture, madam—you understand me,

LADY C. O perfectly. Upon my word, Sir John, this is a most extraordinary accident, We have got Charles here.

SIR JOHN. What, my son Charles! where is the dog? let me come at him.

LADY C. Upon honour you must be reconciled to him. I have paid all his debts.

SIR JOHN. Have you? then give me your hand, Charles; I forgive you, my boy, with all my heart; I never had the least anger towards you, only I was afraid our reconciliation would cost me too much money.

CAM. Well, Sir, I am happy to have been the instrument of so much good fortune, and I hope it will be the means of restoring you to your senses.

SIR JOHN. 'Sdeath, I believe you are the very fellow who wanted to rob me of my grinders.

CAM. The very same, sir.

SIR JOHN. You are the dog that would have had me part with the fastest friends I have; old acquaintance; that during an intimacy of sixty years standing, damn me, if one of them ever turned out hollow. Hark ye, Beaufort, since you are to have my daughter, I must insist upon one thing.

BEAUF. Only let me know your pleasure, that I may comply with it,

SIR

SIR JOHN. Then, sir, my pleasure is, that your first son be bred a soldier, that we may have one military man at least in the family, to fight for his country, in case of an Invasion.

CAM. The French invade us, Sir! Lord how could such a thought ever enter your head? Sir, if instead of reviewing your household troops, you were to take a view of our different encampments, where the most noble and gallant spirits of the land have assembled volunteers in the service of their country, you would be convinced, should France be daring enough to attempt an Invasion, she would find it a more serious piece of business than the innocent laugh of this night.

*F I N I S.*



















